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BACON'S ESSAY OF TRUTH.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice. Pilate saith unto Him, What is truth?"—Gospel of St. John, chap. xviii., vers. 37, 38.

IT is very important to observe that Bacon's essay *Of Truth* occupies the first or foremost place in the collection. Also that this essay opens and concludes with allusion to our Saviour, who was the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Bacon commences with the words "What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." And the essay ends with the words, "Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgment of God upon the generations of men. It being foretold that when Christ cometh He shall not find faith upon the earth." This is repeated in the essay "Of Counsel."

It is worthy of note, too, what Bacon says of Pilate, that he "*would not stay for an answer*," implying that there was an answer, but that he did not want to hear it, and this is often the attitude of the world towards any problem that offends its prejudices, rouses its passions, or dares to challenge its universal consent

upon some echoed tradition which has never hitherto been looked into or examined. In his essay "Of Atheism," Bacon points out, how the judgment is prejudiced by the feelings or affections, and how the mind is deprived of free judgment by the inclinations of the heart. "The Scripture saith, The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God;' it is not said, 'The fool hath thought in his heart,' so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, *as that he would have*, than that he can thoroughly believe it or be persuaded of it." This equally applies to the nature of all human beliefs that are allied by custom with consent and sentiment—and perhaps most of all to the opposers of the Bacon authorship of the plays. They, like Pilate, "*will not stay for an answer*," or give a "learning patience" to the problem, and in their hearts declare the theory a heresy, a foolish fad, an impossibility. Mark Twain has recently drawn a parallel, comparing Shakespeare to Satan, and there is something in it, for all denial is of the badge of Antichrist; and has not the great German poet Goethe described Mephistopheles (and his followers?) with the words "*der stets verneint*,"—who everlastingly denies? After all, rebutting evidence is always easier than proof, for the thing saves trouble if one only takes one's ignorance seriously, or affirmatively, setting up for a judge instead of a learner, and imagining a faculty of not knowing can be a criterion for passing judgments upon new discoveries. *Coming in a man's own name*, Bacon declares, is no infallible sign of truth. "For certainly there cometh to pass, and hath place in human truth, that which was noted and pronounced in the highest truth. *Veni in nomine patris, nec recipitis me; si quis venerit in nomine suo, eum recipietis* (I came in the name of the Father, but ye did not receive Me; if any one shall come in his own name, him ye receive). But in this divine aphorism (considering to whom it was applied, namely, to Anti-

christ, the highest deceiver) we may discern well *that the coming in a man's own name, without regard of antiquity or paternity, is no good sign of truth*, although it be joined with the fortune and success of an *eum recipietis*" (2nd Book *Advancement of Learning*, p. 99). Therefore the coming of Shakespeare in his own name, although he has been received without question, is not an infallible sign of truth. In Aphorism 84 of the first book of the *Novum Organum*: "Again men have been kept back as by a kind of enchantment from progress in the sciences, by reverence for antiquity, by the authority of men accounted great in philosophy, *and then by general consent.*" "And with regard to authority it shows a feeble mind to grant so much to authors, and yet deny Time his rights, who is the author of authors, nay, rather of all authority. For rightly is truth called the daughter of time." By "*consent*" Bacon means, the world's general or universal assent, or tradition; as, for example, that Shakespeare is the author of the 1623 Folio plays. The world often mistakes *echoes for volume*, and there is the popular fallacy that counting of heads is proof of truth. But in matters intellectual it is not as with physical power or wealth—there is no aggregate or arithmetical sum total, as, for example, when men pull on a rope or heap up money. But it is rather as in a race, where only a few can be first, and there is no addition of speeds. Hear Bacon: "*For the worst of all auguries is from consent in matters intellectual* (Divinity excepted, and politics where there is right of vote). For nothing pleases the many unless it strikes the imagination, or binds the understanding with the bonds of common notions" (Aphorism 77, *Novum Organum*). Therefore the saying, "That the world says, or the world believes," though to be respected, is not final, and should not deter us from examining anew problems which the past generations had probably no time or curiosity to ques-

tion. Besides, as Bacon says, in this essay *Of Truth*, "The first creature of God, in the work of the days, *was the light of the senses, the last was the light of reason*; and His Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of His Spirit." The Vedas say, "In the midst of the sun is the light, in the midst of light is truth, and in the midst of truth is the imperishable Being." "Truth," says Chaucer, "is the highest thing that man can keep."

In this essay *Of Truth* Bacon says, "One of the late school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, *where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets*; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lies sake. But *I cannot tell*: this same truth is a naked and open day light, that doth not show the *masques, and mummeries, and triumphs* of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights.* Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond, or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure."

Observe the apology for *poetical fiction* in this passage, which presently we find repeated with something of an explanation. "One of the Fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum* (the wine of devils), because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with *the shadow of a lie*." That is to say, poetical fiction or invention, although it obscures truth, or veils it, is not all falsehood, and all parabolical poetry *shadows*, under tropes or similitudes, a concealed meaning or truth. It

* Compare Omar Khayham on the world as a theatre by candle-light:—

"For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow Show,
Play'd in a box whose candle is the sun,
Round which we phantom figures come and go!"

would seem, then, that this essay *Of Truth* is a sort of apology for the poetical veil, or masque of Truth, upon the score of man's dislike, or incapability, of receiving unadulterated truth itself? Bacon uses the expression "*I cannot tell*" to excuse himself explanation of the world's love of lies. In the play of *Richard III.* the same phrase is introduced, together with what would seem to answer the question in context with it:—

"*I cannot tell :—the world is grown so bad
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.*"

(I. 3).

Christ exclaimed "That the world cannot receive truth," and Bacon implies the same thing, and he then proceeds to explain that the disguises and actings of the world's stage are better adapted, *than* the search-light of open daylight, for the half-lights of the theatre. If the reader will turn to the essay entitled *Of Masques and Triumphs*, he will find complete proof that this is an allusion to the stage in the essay *Of Truth*. And it would seem as if there existed some sort of antithesis between these two essays, *i.e.*, that the one is an apology for the other, *i.e.*, the world's love of pleasure is so great, "*Satis alter alteri magnum theatrum sumus*" (We are sufficiently the great theatre of each other),—"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,"—and acting has little consonance with truth. Observe, too, in both essays there is the same allusion to candle-light.*

* In the plays candlelight is used as a metaphor for starlight:—

"For by these blessed candles of the night."

(*Merchant of Venice*, V. i).

"There's husbandry in heaven ;

Their candles are all out." (*Macbeth* II. i).

"Night's candles are burnt out."

(*Romeo and Juliet* III. 5).

See Sonnet 21, "As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air."

Masques * were dramatic performances in which the actors were *disguised by the wearing of masks* which concealed their features, and so their identity. This point seems to me very pertinent to the entire subject of the essay (and authorship of the plays), and is a hint of the very first importance as to whether Bacon wore a mask known as Shakespeare. But the introduction of this subject, in connection with poetry, and with an apology for the poets' "*shadow of a lie*," on account of the pleasure afforded by the dainty shows of the theatre, seen by candlelight, is a hint that only the most obstinately blind or obtuse person can decline to perceive. The first Masque, in England, was held at Greenwich Palace (where King Henry the Eighth was born), "the first disguise (in the year 1513, on the day of the Epiphany), after the manner of Italy called a *Masque*, a thing not seen afore in England." In *Love's Labour Lost* we have a masque introduced, and also a scene in *King Henry the Eighth* where the royal dancers are masked. Triumphs were processional pageants, or shows by Torchlight. Bacon is telling us that man does not care about abstract truth, and when he says men do not care for open daylight, he is speaking very truly. For he points out that "*the archflatterer with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self*" (essay *Of Love*). And in this essay *Of Truth*: "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.

* Bacon commences his essay *Of Masques and Triumphs* with the words, "These things are but toys," and concludes the essay with the words, "But enough of these toys." He means *trifles* by the word toys. It is most important to point out, that Heminge and Condell, in their dedicatory preface (to their patrons the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery) in the first edition of the folio plays, published in 1623, employ the word "*trifles*" to indicate the plays they are editing:—"For, when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles."

Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?" This is as much as to say, that most men "walk in a vain show," and are actors, *i.e.*, play up rather to the parts they imagine they possess, than are what they really are by nature. In the essay *Of Love*, Bacon says "It is a poor saying of Epicurus, '*Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus*,' (*i.e.*, we are a sufficiently great theatre to each other)". That Bacon should introduce this saying of Seneca (to be found in his *Epistles*, Moral I., 17) in the essay *Of Love* is not strange. For Bacon knew that love is one of the greatest of actors (and cause of acting) in life, as well as the motive for stage comedies in the theatre. He writes, "The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever a matter of *Comedies*, and now and then of *tragedies*. It is strange to note the excess of this passion; and how it braves the nature and value of things, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love." The ancients painted Cupid blind, because people in love are deprived of reason and sound judgment, and see everything by a candlelight of glamour and illusion, where all is appearance, as in a theatre. The lover conceals his real character, and pretends to all sorts of parts which he plays in order to attract the one beloved, just, as in natural selection, we find at the courting season, male birds spreading their peacock feathers to attract the female, that is to say, this passion consists of every sort of exaggeration both in action and in speech, which, to the onlooker, is ever a source of amusement and comedy because of its divagation from all semblance of truth. Observe how Bacon classes love with envy,

"There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate, or bewitch, but love and envy." He then makes this profound observation of envy, which is equally applicable to love: "A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious . . . therefore it must *needs be, that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others*" (essay *Of Envy*). This is written in the spirit of the text already quoted from Bacon, "*Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus*," we are a sufficiently great theatre one to the other. That is to say, all life is a theatre, and it may be noted, that love, of all passions, is the one that attracts most attention from those within the circle, or theatre of its influence. People of all classes are everlastingly watching it, or contemplating it, or talking about it. For it brings with it other passions into play, such as envy, or jealousy, and often ends in the tragedies we read every day in the papers. In the 1st Book of the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon once more quotes this saying with an apology which would seem to be pointed at himself:—

"Another fault incident commonly to learned men, which may be more probably defended than truly denied, is that they fail sometimes in applying themselves to particular persons, which want of exact application ariseth from two causes—the one, *because the largeness of their mind can hardly confine itself to dwell in the exquisite observation or examination of the nature and customs of one person; for it is a speech for a lover, and not for a wise man.* '*Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus*'—we are sufficiently a great theatre to each other" (p. 23 1st Book *Advancement of Learning*: Frowde). It is very possible Bacon was thinking of Seneca, the dramatist, from whom he quotes this Latin saying (to whom he compares himself in the *De Augmentis* of 1623), particularly as he mentions him in the preceding

paragraph but one. But this passage appears as an apology written *for Bacon himself*, who was a learned man after the pattern of Demosthenes and Cicero, whom he has just previously cited. He is covertly telling us *he is a lover of the theatre—of the contemplation of life as a stage, but that he is not wise to tell us so*. In the 2nd Book of the *Advancement of Learning* he again introduces some part of the above passage, and *this time directly pointed at himself*: “My hope is that, if my extreme love to learning carry me too far, I may obtain the excuse of affection; *for that it is not granted to man to love and to be wise*” (p. 75 2nd Book *Advancement of Learning*). I should like to point out that *the poet is compared with the lover* in the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and in his essay *Of Truth* he says: “But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, *which is the love making or wooing of it*, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it,—is the sovereign good of human nature.”

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The Lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknown; the poet's pen turns them to shapes,
And gives to airy nothing a local habitation
And a name.”—Act V. i.

Observe how Helen is compared to Cleopatra, and observe that we have in the lunatic's and poet's frenzy a hint for the divine madness connected with Bacchus,

which was called *mania*,* and which fury was sometimes the effect of wine. The lover, Bacon identifies with madness (in his essay *Of Love*—"mad degree of love"). But it is poetic creation through love that Bacon is really thinking of, such as Plato describes as the love of wisdom, the begetting of truth upon the body of beauty.

It is somewhat strange to consider how the true character of Bacon's essay *Of Truth* has so long escaped discovery at the hands of critics—I mean the mingling, in this essay, of Truth and Poetry, and their inter-relationship after the manner (to borrow a title from the German poet, Goethe) of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. For the entire essay is an apology for the veils of poetry—that is to say, for its shadows and outlines, its bare suggestions, its parabolical character, its complete reserve. What I mean will be best understood by a study of Bacon's introduction to the series of poetical and classical myths entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, in which collection Bacon has endeavoured to rationalise and explain away *the shadows and veils* in which the kernels of this ancient wisdom are enwrapped. His efforts to discover the *true forms*, hidden behind poetical fancy in these pieces, are just what he would have us apply to his theatre, with the help of his prose works. Just what Bacon, in his essay *Of Truth*, calls "*a shadow of a lie*," constitutes the outward poetical garb of all myth containing inner meaning. "*Æsop's Fables*" belong to this class of parable. The *Fox and the Grapes*, outwardly, is the shadow of a lie, which conveys (and veils at the same time) the inner moral truth—"We affect to despise everything unattain-

* In the 4th Book of *Æneid*, Dido is described: "She rages even to madness, like a Bacchanal wrought up into enthusiastic fury in celebrating the sacred mysteries of her god—at hearing the name of Bacchus" (282—313).

able." Men, being for the most part of the nature of children in their intellects, are only held and interested in sensible objects, and in pictures, or emblems, which poetry can present to their imagination. Two objects are served by creative poetry that embodies wisdom in poetic imagery and parable. It serves to preserve and to reveal. Like the fly embalmed in amber, great truths may be handed down to posterity and preserved intact through barbarous ages. The secrets of a society of learned men can thus be transmitted to after-times. This indeed is living art, and probably it has been carried out to an almost incredible degree of perfection and completeness in the art we are now discussing.*

Tennyson once made the remark "*that the world was the shadow of God,*" meaning that it not only argued, as all shadows do, a great light to produce shadow, but also concealed God. In Esdras the dead are said to "flee the shadow of this world," and "which are departed from the shadow of the world" (2 Esdras ii. 36—39). So, in *like* manner, I would suggest, Bacon's theatre shadows a great rational interpretation, or revelation, with which latter Bacon has particularly identified his own unmasking in glory to man. Schopenhauer called matter "*a false truth,*" and in parabolical poetry (which is the "*shadow of a lie*" †),

° "And therefore in the infancy of learning, and in rude times, when those conceits which are now trivial were then new, the world was full of parables and similitudes; for else would men either have passed over without mark, or else rejected for paradoxes that which was offered, before they had understood or judged. So in divine learning, we see how frequent parables and tropes are. For it is a rule, that whatsoever science is not consonant to presuppositions, must pray in aid of similitudes" (2nd Book *Advancement of Learning*, p. 153).

† Bacon describes poesy in respect of matter, (and not words), as, "one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but *feigned history*, which may be styled as well in prose as

the vehicle of truth is the veil which shadows forth the truth. Spiritual truths are always immeasurably greater than their vehicles of utterance, and are those *forms*, or philosophical ideas, which are conveyed by means of poetic myth and fable.

"Truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

More than half the force of language, especially of poetical language, consists in its hints, suggestions, half-lights, which its words do not directly imply, yet habitually convey indirectly. Bacon's essay *Of Truth* is, I consider, an apology for poetical fiction, and for the masking and mumming of his theatre, on the score of man's absolute love of lies, and hatred of truth. The modern love of novels is a very strong corroboration of this statement. Put a profound truth in the form of a problem novel and thousands will read it, attracted by its outward dress, whereas written as a treatise it would attract little attention! How many readers have Lord Bacon's works compared to the plays attributed to Shakespeare!

I now turn to another point of this essay *Of Truth*, and its connection with poetry, *i.e.*, Bacon's allusion to "poesy as *vinum dæmonum*," in a passage already quoted. It is most important to trace this home to its classic source, and to give some indication of what it really means, because Bacon is not satisfied with this one reference to wine, but repeats the observation in the *Advancement of Learning*, and in the *Novum Organum*, so that altogether there are *three allusions to wine, in a Bacchic sense, in his writings*.

verse" (2nd Book *Advancement of Learning*, p. 90: Froude). So, in the play of *As You Like It*, "The truest poetry is the most feigning." That is to say, the *shadow of the lie* is only the envelope (Act III. ii.) of the inward truth, or form, imprinted on it.

In one of the "Fragments" left of the Greek poet Alcæus is this, "Wine, my son, is truth indeed" [οἶνος, ὃ φιλεῖ, καὶ ἀλάθεια, "Fragment" 57 (37)]. And as for the application, or connotation, of plays with wine, it is commonly found in the old classic play writers. Plautus says :—

"Qui utuntur vino vetere, sapientes puto
Et qui libenter veteres spectant fabulas,"

("Casina," Prologue 5.)

(i.e., "Who choose old wine, those I esteem wise ; so do I those who come by choice to see old Comedies"). Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, says : "Did not one of the Fathers, in great indignation, call Poesy *Vinum dæmonum*, because it increases temptations, perturbations and vain opinions?" (Book II.). Jerome, in one of his letters to Damasus says, "*Dæmonum cibus est carmina poetarum* (i.e., Poesy is the food of demons)." Augustine, in his "Confessions," calls poetry "*vinum erroris*"; and it is easy to understand that Bacon is alluding to amatory poetry, such as "Anacreons," or Ovid's "Art of Love," and all poems which have a suggestive tendency, like wine, to heighten and inflame the passions, and which, as he says in his *Advancement*, spring from the lust of the earth, and are, like wine, of the spirit of the earth, and not of heaven. When Roderigo, in the play of *Othello*, loses heart in his profligate pursuit of Desdemona, Iago, to encourage him, exclaims, "The wine she drinks is made of grapes," implying that Desdemona possessed earthly passions, and was liable to temptation. The Bible puts it summarily—"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine when it is red, and when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it

biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder" (Proverbs xxiii. 29—32).

Cassio, in the same play of *Othello*, is a most excellent example of the contention, babblings, and wounds without cause, that come from excess of wine. He wounds Roderigo, and falls into disgrace with Othello from drinking, and exclaims: "O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" (*Othello*, Act II. i. 87). Here we have Bacon's *Vinum dæmonum*, with its temptations, and perturbations, or passions, the play of which, in action, constitute a great part of tragedy and comedy.*

Bacon repeats, in the *Novum Organum*, this same point upon wine:—"I may say then of myself that which one said in jest (since it marks the distinction so truly), 'It cannot be that we should think alike, when one drinks water *and the other drinks wine*.' Now other men, as well in ancient as in modern times, have in the matter of sciences drunk a crude liquor like water, either flowing spontaneously from the understanding, or drawn up by logic, as by wheels from a well. Whereas I pledge mankind in a liquor strained from countless grapes, from grapes ripe and fully seasoned,

* In the first book of Esdras we are introduced to a banquet given by King Darius, at which the question is put, for competition and reply, whether wine, the king, women, or truth, are the strongest? The young man, who speaks for wine, answers exactly as Augustine describes poetry ("*vinum erroris*"). "And he said thus: O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine. *It causeth all men to err* that drink it. And, when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw swords (chapter iii. 22). And King Darius replies: Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; *there is no truth in them*. As for truth, it endureth, and is always strong, it liveth and conquereth for evermore" (chapter iv. 38). The close context of wine with truth in these verses is very striking,

collected in clusters, and gathered, and then squeezed in the press, and finally purified and clarified in the vat. And therefore it is no wonder if they and I do not think alike" (Aphorism CXXIII., Book I., *Novum Organum*). One of Ben Jonson's contemporaries addresses him with these lines, alluding to their meetings at the Mermaid Tavern :—

" Those lyric feasts
Where men such clusters had
As made them nobly wild, not mad,
While, yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

There is an old Latin proverb, "*In vino veritas*," i.e., Truth in wine, which singularly applies to Bacon's essay *Of Truth*, as if here he had written with a more open breast, and laid bare his poetic predilections. Indeed, in the Second Book of the *Advancement of Learning*, discussing *words*, he says, "They are not to be despised, specially with the advantage of passion and affection. . . . And therefore the poet doth elegantly call passions tortures, that urge men to confess their secrets—*Vino tortus et ira*. And experience showeth there are few men so true to themselves and so settled, but that sometimes upon heat, sometimes upon bravery, sometimes upon kindness, sometimes upon trouble of mind and weakness, *they open themselves* ; specially if they be put to it with a counter-dissimulation, according to the proverb of Spain, *Di mentira y sacaras verdad*—Tell a lie and find a truth."

In Virgil's second Georgic, which is dedicated to Ceres and Bacchus (the divinities of corn and wine), Virgil, in describing the pruning and dressing of the vine, tells us the origin of tragedy and comedy in connection with the yearly sacrifice of the goat at the harvest festivals in the vineyards, because the goat was inimical to the vine :—

"For no other offence is the goat sacrificed to Bacchus on every altar, *and the ancient plays come upon the stage*: and the Athenians proposed for wits, prizes about the villages and crossways; and, joyous amidst their cups, danced in the soft meadows on wine-skins smeared with oil. [On the same account,] the Ausonian colonists also, a race sent from Troy, sport in uncouth strains, and unbounded laughter; assuming horrid masks of hollowed barks of trees: and thee, Bacchus, they invoke in jovial songs, and to thee hang up mild images from the tall pine. Hence every vineyard shoots forth with large produce; both the hollow vales and deep lawns are filled with plenty, and wherever the god hath moved around his propitious countenance. Therefore will we solemnly ascribe to Bacchus his due honours in our country's lays, and offer chargers, and the consecrated cakes; and the sacred goat led by the horn shall stand at his altar, and we will roast the fat entrails on hazel spits" (Davidson's translation, Bohn's Edition, 2nd Georgic, 372—379).

Bacon was evidently studying, or keeping this Georgic in mind, when he wrote his essay *Of Truth*, because he quotes from it, "Happy is he who has been able to trace out the causes of things, and who has cast beneath his feet all fears, and inexorable Destiny, and the noise of devouring Acheron" (*Ib.* Georgic II., 463—492). Observe that this passage of Virgil springs out of the context of the previous paragraph, in which he exclaims, "*But me may the Muses, sweet above all things else, whose sacred symbols I bear, smitten with violent love, first receive into favour. . . . O [to be] where are the plains, and Sperchius and Taygetus, the scene of Bacchanalian revels to Spartan maids*" (*Quarum Sacra fero*, etc., Georgic II., 476).

Swinburne, a modern poet, steeped in classical spirit, in his *Memorial Verses to Théophile Gautier*, asks him the source of his inspiration:—

"Who made thy moist lips fiery with new wine
 Pressed from the grapes of song the sovereign vine,
 And with all love of all things loveliest
 Gave thy soul power to make them more divine?"

And now listen to Bacon for the second time upon this subject. "But as Philocrates sported with Demosthenes, 'You may not marvel (Athenians) that Demosthenes and I do differ; for he drinketh water, *and I drink wine*, and like as we read of an ancient parable of the two gates of sleep:—

"Sunt geminæ somni portæ : quarum altera tertur
 Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris :
 Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
 Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."

So if we put on sobriety and attention we shall find it a sure maxim in knowledge, that the more pleasant liquor (of wine) is the more vaporous, and the brave gate (of ivory) sendeth forth the *false dreams*" (Second book *Advancement of Learning*, 189). This is but a metaphor, or concealed phrase, to tell us Bacon was a poet, and considered the dreams of a poet's inner imaginative vision to be superior to the illusions of sense. The translation of the Latin quotation from Virgil's "*Æneid*" is as follows: "Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn; by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other shining, wrought of white ivory; but [through it] the infernal gods send up false dreams to the upper world" (Davidson's translation of Virgil. VI. Book "*Æneid*").

In the *De Augmentis* of 1623 Bacon describes *poetry as dream*. "*Poetry is as a dream of learning*, a thing sweet and varied, and that would be thought to have in it something divine, *a character which dreams likewise affect*. But now it is time for me to awake, and rising above the earth, to wing my way through the clear air of philosophy and the sciences." This passage clearly

connects poetry with sleep and dream, and draws a subtle distinction between Bacon, *the poet and dreamer, asleep*, and Bacon, the philosopher and scientist, *awake*. Moreover, it is a strong confirmatory parallel for the *Distribution Preface* passage, quoted in my last article, in which Bacon refers to the "*phantasiæ somnium nostræ*," and to the "*visionem veram*," our fantasies of sleep and true vision.*

° Bacon evidently looked upon *divination by dreams* as a source of inspiration. "A certain rabbin, upon the text, '*Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams*,' inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream" (*Essay Of Youth and Age*). It is as the *dreamer*—as the poetic seer wrapt in inner vision—that the statue of Francis Bacon, in Saint Michael's Church, St. Albans, is conceived. He is seated in his chair, fast asleep, or, at least, with closed eyes, with the words "*Sic sedebat*," etc. ("*thus was he wont to sit*"), and, truly, he still sleeps in his own works until we arouse him, like the sleeping beauty in the wood, to arise from the ashes of his own fires. All the characters of his wondrous theatre were made of dreams, for does not Prospero exclaim, "All these our actors are faded into thin air?"

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep." (*Tempest*.)

"Death, and his twin brother, sleep," wrote Shelley. And so Bacon makes Hamlet say—

"To die, to sleep,

To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub!

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil

Must give us pause." (Act II. sc. ii.)

"The Bible is a great dream Book, and never apologises for the fact," says Mr. T. Brierly, and so are the plays known as the 1623 Folio. "As a dream it seems that two intelligences at least are here palpably revealed. There, is first, the 'I,' to whom the picture is presented, and who is visibly conscious of being not the producer, but the passive spectator of it. If he knew himself as the producer, he could not be, as is so frequently the

In Virgil's description of the twin gates of sleep we seem to possess a hint pointing to the *Bacchic dithyramb*, which literally means double triumph and probably alludes to the initiation into things human and divine, in which men were taught not only the deceits and illusions of the senses, but were given a glimpse of those immortal truths that transcend appearances and appertain to the poet's inner vision and the revelations made in the dramatic shows.

Observe that Virgil uses the word shadows (*umbris*), which exactly agrees with Bacon's description of poetry as "*the shadow of a lie*" (*Essay Of Truth*). To describe the true dreams connected with the gate of horn, I venture to translate Virgil's "*cornea*" as crystal, because horn is not a sufficiently *transparent* † substance

case, filled with astonishment at what he sees. But if this 'Ego' does not make the picture, who does? Who is the artist who has conceived this scena, grouped it, drawn the portraits, clothed the figures, and all in the twinkling of an eye?"

In the play of *King Richard II.* this duality and distinction of the soul from its instrument, the brain, is forcibly put in these words :—

"My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father : and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts."

(Act. v. sc. iv.)

† Valpy's note upon the four lines quoted from Virgil's sixth book of the *Æneid* (line 893) is as follows :—*Geminæ Somni portæ*. This fiction is borrowed from the nineteenth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, line 562, *seqq.*, and probably was of still earlier origin.—*Cornea*. With our improvements in the arts, horn seems a rude material ; but the inventor of the fable knew none more *transparent*, of which he could imagine gates to be composed.—*Veris umbris* : "unto true visions of the night," *i.e.*, true dreams. Among the several reasons why true dreams are made to pass through the horn-gate, and false ones through that of ivory, the most plausible appears to be this, namely, that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being transparent and pervious to the sight ; whereas ivory is impenetrable to the vision. Compare :

to express what is meant. The *cornea of the eye* is that crystalline substance by which the eye is protected, as a watch is by its glass. And Bacon writes, "That there be not anything in being and action which should not be drawn and collected into contemplation and doctrine. For so it is expressed in the Scriptures touching the government of God, that this globe, which seemeth to us a dark and shady body, *is in the view of God as crystal*" (p. 218, Book II. *Advancement of Learning*). Once more: "In substance, because it is the perfect law of inquiry of truth, that nothing be in the *globe of matter which should not be likewise in the globe of crystal or form*" (p. 200, 2nd Book *Advancement of Learning*). I gather from this, that Bacon's object was to furnish in his intellectual globe (*i.e.*, the *Advancement of Learning*) a complete understanding or rational interpretation of his globe theatre.† "It would be disgraceful if while the regions of the material globe—that is, of the earth, of the sea, and of the stars—have been in our times laid widely open and revealed, the intellectual globe should remain shut up within the narrow limits of old discoveries" (*Novum Organum*).

W. F. C. WIGSTON.

"Transparent Helena, nature here shows art

That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II.

† In the essay *Of Great Place*: "In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; *for imitation is a globe of precepts*." One of the meanings of the Latin *globus* is a crowd gathered round anything. Thus Virgil ("Æneid" X., 373): "*Quâ globus ille virûm densissimus urget*," and hence Milton: "Him round a globe of fiery seraphim enclosed" ("Paradise Lost," II. 512). A *globe of precepts* is a body or collection of counsels, and might be well represented by those wise, pithy, and moral sayings, we all quote from the plays, and which are to be found in the essays and prose works of Bacon.

A HAMLET INTERPRETATION.

WHEN Hamlet returned to Elsinore from school he was suffering severely from a deep and profound melancholy, seemingly caused by the death of his father, the blasting by his uncle of his natural expectations of succeeding to the throne, and his mother's infidelity to his father's memory. Claudius is painted by the poet as bold, unscrupulous, keen-sighted and resourceful, and Hamlet would have been devoid of common-sense had he not realized, along with the loss of his hoped-for career, the grave danger he would be in at his uncle's court should he evince a mutinous spirit towards the new king. His soul had prophesied to him that his uncle was back of his father's death, although his suspicions had not yet been confirmed by his father's spirit. The King had noted Hamlet's dark and melancholy bearing, and evidently with no favourable eye. The deserted son's heart was breaking over the base action of his mother, and he was contemplating suicide. He had intended going back to Wittenberg. Under such conditions the character of Hamlet is introduced to the reader. The King, in the room of state, had spoken at length to the Queen and assembled courtiers in relation to his plans towards Fortinbras, had dismissed Voltimand and Cornelius, and had granted leave to Læertes to return to France. Then he turns to Hamlet and asks abruptly—

“How is it that the clouds still hang on you?”

The King speaks darkly by the use of the word “clouds,” but there is no pretence on Hamlet's part that he doesn't understand the allusion. As a matter of fact, it is quite evident that the King's question is framed by the poet for the express purpose of making

apropos, by the antithesis of clouds and sun, Hamlet's equally dark answer, for the young man denies that there are any clouds hanging on him, but affirms that his trouble is the contrary. He counters thus:

"Not so, my lord ; I am *too much i' the sun.*"

As the critics have never yet clearly determined the meaning of Hamlet's answer, the King may well have been set to thinking by this enigmatical retort. What did this melancholy young man mean? It has commonly been thought that Hamlet was sarcastically playing upon the words *sun* and *son*, in reference to having been called *son* by his uncle in the preceding line by the King—"But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my *son*"—yet it would puzzle us to catch the point in that connection. Hudson thinks the true meaning is best explained by a quotation from Grindal's "Profitable Discourse," 1855, reading: "In very deed they were brought from the good to the bad, and *from God's blessings, as the proverb is, into a warme sonne.*" But what this explanation is, and how it appears from the extract cited, we are left by Hudson in the dark to helplessly grope after.

More than one Shakespeare student has been deeply impressed with the suggestion that in the character of Hamlet is reflected the mentality and experience of the poet at a profound and crucial period of his intellectual development, but when we seek to find the original of these reflections in the life of Mr. "Shagsper of thone part," we find not a thing to aid us, not even a whisper from the darkness to lead us on. Silence reigns supreme. But when, in idle curiosity, or in sceptical hardness of heart, we turn the searchlight upon the life and writings of Bacon, things begin to appear that attract the attention, rouse the mind and make the eye glisten with interest. The young *Noverint* mentioned

by Nash, who was busying himself with the "endeavours of art," comes into view. The return of a young student from a foreign land upon the death of his father, and the dashing of his hopes and expectations of advancement by a designing uncle, is heard again. The philosophy-saturated character of Hamlet finds its natural derivation. Why was the stamp of melancholy so indelibly impressed upon Hamlet by his creator? It was not observant in the "Hamlet" of Saxo Grammaticus. Was it not because at a time when the "Tragical History," by William Shakespeare, may well have been written, or revised, Bacon had passed, or was passing, through a period of profound melancholy caused by the failure of Essex to procure him the place of Solicitor General? As early as April, 1593, Bacon was writing to Essex about his fortune and complaining gently of Essex's silence, yet promising not to dispose of himself without Essex's allowance, but only part of the letter has been preserved. In September, 1593, Essex wrote Bacon that the Queen was so angry with himself that he found no chance to move Bacon's own suit, but would do so at the first opportunity. In the same month Burghly attempted to place Bacon with the Queen, but she had required Lord Keeper Puckering to furnish her with the names of two other lawyers. On the same day Cecil wrote Bacon about the Solicitor's place, from which it appears that Bacon was then suffering under the displeasure of the Queen, and had been denied access. About the same time Bacon wrote a few plain words to the Queen, asking to be allowed to correct his error and to become "reintegrate" in her favour, stating that he only desired a place of his profession of the law such as younger men than himself had received; that his mind was turning on "other wheels than those of profit," wishing in any event that her majesty should be served "answerably to herself,"

and craving pardon for his boldness and plainness. As late as November Bacon felt sure he would get the place, for on the 4th of November he wrote "Good Robin" Kemp from Twickenham—"For my fortune (to speak court) it is very slow, if anything can be slow with him that is *secure of the event*." Then on the 28th of March, 1594, Essex wrote Bacon of an interview he had had with the Queen in which she had refused to do anything before Easter, and had told Essex "to go to bed" if he couldn't talk of anything else. The next day Essex also wrote Bacon that he had again seen the Queen and was much encouraged. This was answered by Bacon the following day in the now famous letter in which he complained that the delay had "gone so near" that it had "almost overthrown" his health. And we have indubitable evidence that he was telling the truth, for Francis' good mother, the Lady Anne, writing to his brother Anthony on the 30th of July, 1595, says:

"I gave your brother at twice £25 for his paling, rather to cheer him since he had nothing by me. Crosby told me *he looked very ill*; he thought he taketh *still inward grief*; I fear it may injure his health hereafter."

She writes again to Anthony on the 7th of August, the same year, saying:

"I am sorry your brother with an *inward secret grief* hindereth his health. Everybody saith he looketh *thin and pale*. With a humble heart before God let your brother be of good cheer."

And as late as October of that year Francis must have been still suffering, and had probably received the Queen's final negative, for his mother wrote again to Anthony on the 21st of that month:

"Since it so pleaseth God, comfort your brother kindly and Christianly."

And was it not Hamlet who also had this same "inward secret grief"? who said—

"But I have *that within* which passeth show
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

Evidently the same Bacon, but not the same good mother. Bacon writes of the good memory of his father, of his kinship to the Lord Treasurer, of Essex's own favour, the recommendation of the councillors, the lords, the judges, and the master of the rolls elect. He was, as he said, "voiced with great expectation," and Hamlet was the "*expectancy* and rose of the fair state." In this same letter Bacon refers to his treatment by the Queen as an "exquisite disgrace," and states that he has determined, if the Queen rejects him, to "retire with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend my life in studies and contemplations," and he begs Essex's pardon for troubling him "with my *melancholy*." And again he writes Essex, hoping the Queen will not leave him to "pine here in melancholy." And it is Hamlet, another melancholy philosopher, who wants *to go back to Wittenberg to his studies*, but is refused by the crafty King and severely lectured. May 1st, 1594, Bacon writes his cousin, Robert Cecil, to move his father to "lay his hand to the same delay." Cecil lays the blame on Essex, but is sorry to see Bacon "so gravelled." Faulke Greville, Bacon's old-time friend, had been appealed to, and, after talking with her Majesty, had written Francis on the 17th of June, 1594, of the "gracious inclination" she had shown towards him, and offered to wager one hundred pounds to fifty that Bacon would be her solicitor. Again Bacon wrote direct to the Queen from Huntingdon on the 20th day of July. In the early part of 1594, Bacon had intimated to Essex his intention to travel abroad. This came to her ears, and she promptly vetoed that inten-

tion. She probably laid down the law as Claudius did to Hamlet :—

“For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire.”

Bacon had written Anthony on the 25th of January of that year that he was going to “make the best with those small things” he had and “sing a mass of *requiem* abroad.” He had also asked leave of Cecil to answer in writing the speech of the Queen on learning of his intention to travel. In this letter Bacon says :—

“I told his lordship of this purpose of mine to travel, accompanying it with these very words, that upon her Majesty’s rejecting me with such circumstance, though my heart might be good, yet mine eyes would be sore, that I was not an impudent man, that I could face out a disgrace; and that I hoped her Majesty would not be offended, that ‘*not able to endure the sun, I fled into the shade!*’”

Is it now hard to understand Hamlet’s enigmatical retort to the King—“I am too much i’ the sun”? The royal sun of Denmark, like that of England, was becoming uncomfortably hot to the young man. As the Sonnet says, “Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines;” and while Bacon was proposing to seek the shade of a foreign country, the “melancholy Dane” was doing identically the same thing! And both proposals were promptly vetoed by their respective sovereigns! The figuring of royalty by the sun was a favourite metaphor with Bacon, and he uses it repeatedly in letters and other writings. Having in his letter to Cecil used to such good effect this imagery of fleeing to the shade from the too hot sun of royalty, he repeats it in another letter to Essex. He says :—

“I am very sorry her Majesty should take my notion to travel in offence; but surely, under her Majesty’s

royal correction, it is such an offence as it should be an *offence to the sun* when a man to *avoid the scorching heat flieth into the shade.*"

The truth seems to be that the Queen never did forgive Bacon for his independent action in the matter of the subsidies in the Parliament of 1592; and after torturing him for four years, she at last gave Fleming the solicitorship, "to the surprise of the public and the deep-felt mortification of Bacon and of his patron and friend, Lord Essex." It is not surprising that when Elizabeth died no songs in her praise came from the pen of Shakespeare.

The delay that Bacon was experiencing in his efforts for advancement to the Solicitor's place racked his very soul. He was "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes;" he was poor, and through his brother Anthony was trying to borrow two hundred pounds from his uncle, Killebrew. It was the crisis of his life. Upon the Solicitor's place hung his freedom from poverty, and, what was far more important, a position of security and influence where he could more safely and effectively carry out his world-wide plans of a "Universal Reformation" and of laying "great bases for eternity." Bacon felt that he was born to set a crooked world straight, but it was a task to make melancholy the bravest spirit, and from his tortured soul might well come the cry of Hamlet, that other world-reformer:—

"The time is out of joint : O cursed spite!
That ever *I was born to set it right.*"

Advancement Bacon must have, and the phonographic Hamlet immediately repeats, "Sir, *I lack advancement.*"

And right here Hamlet gives us another puzzle, for Rosencrantz very naturally asks:—

"How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?"

Here is a fair test of our Baconian reflection theory. Bacon would very probably have said, "Yes, the Solicitor's place some time in the future may be very good, but it's this delay that's killing me now." And then Hamlet beautifully sidesteps the whole issue by his puzzling answer to Rosencrantz in the words:—

"Ay, sir, *but while the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty."

What a tantalizing young man, to be sure! Just the half of the proverb omitted that would have disclosed the hidden thought. That is a sly trick of Shakespeare, but we happen to *know the whole proverb*. Here it is:—

"Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steed."

It is the very *delay* we expected, and the reflection again comes back true. The 1603 Quarto has nothing of this "too much i' the sun," of Hamlet's "lack of advancement," nor of the proverb of the "seely steed." They are all additions found in the published Quarto of 1604, and which are thought to have been written about 1594, at a time when Bacon was, coincidentally, hunting the shade at Twickenham. Query: Could Shakespeare have been one of the "good pens" Bacon had with him about that time?

F. C. HUNT.

BACON ON PASTIMES AND DISPORTS.

IT is constantly stated that "Bacon" took no interest in Sport, whereas Shakespeare, on the contrary, did. The following quotations throw a different light upon the matter.

"THERE MUST BE TIMES FOR PASTIMES AND DISPORTS.—*To Villiers.*

"Games of Recreation I hold to belong to civil life and education."—*Advancement of Learning.*

"The world runs on wheels."—*Promus.*

"Nobody can be healthful without exercise."—*De Augmentis.*

"You know the fine bowler is knee almost to ground in the delivery of the cast."—*Conference with Buckingham.*

"You bowl well if you do not horse your bowl an hand too much."—*Ibid.*

"Quick of eye, hand, leg, the whole *mocio.*"—*Promus.*

"Tennis is a game . . . of great use in respect it maketh a quick eye and a body ready to put itself into all postures."—*Advancement of Learning.*

"The conditions of a garment . . . above all, it ought not to be too straight or restrained for exercise and motion."—*Ibid.*

"It appeareth manifestly to be but a brick wall at tennis to make . . . defamation and hatred rebound."—*Of a Libel.*

"A gentleman came to the tilt all in orange-tawny and ran very ill, next day he came again all in green and ran worse . . . one of the lookers on asked, "What is the reason this gentleman changeth his colors?" the other answered, "Sure, because it may be reported that the gentleman in green ran worse than the gentleman in the orange-tawny."—*Apophthegms.*

“HUNTERS, FOWLERS, FISHERS AND THE LIKE.”

“Trouts and salmon swim against the stream.”—*Natural History*.

“All birds find an ease in the depth of the air, as swimmers do in a deep water.”—*Ibid*.

“The flight of many birds is swifter than the race of any beasts.”—*Ibid*.

“... Being as a hawk, tied to another's fist, that might sometimes bait and proffer but could never fly.”—*To Queen*.

“The hunter takes such solace in his chase.”—*Queen's Device*.

“The scent of dogs is almost a sense by itself.”—*Natural History*.

“A fine bird bolt does not kill the bird.”—*Promus*.

“The first point of a falconer is to hold fast.”—*Ibid*.

“You started aside like a broken bow, so that by your variety and vacillation you lost the acceptable time.”—*Resuscitatio*.

“I am a hawk that baits when I see an occasion of service, but cannot fly because I am tied to another's fist.”—*To Queen*.

“The hawk flies high and thence descends and catches its prey.”—*Certain Remains*.

“When a man hunteth in any forest, park, or warren by night or day with vizards and other disguisements, and is examined thereof and concealeth the fact, it is felony.”—*Of the Laws*.

“Deer are a melancholy creature, as appeareth by their fearfulness.”—*Natural History*.

“Where a man kills the king's deer in chase or forest, and can find no surety after a year's imprisonment, he shall adjure the realm.”—*Of the Laws*.

“*Il ne chasse que de vieux léviers*.”—*Promus*.

“My lords, he is not the hunter alone that lets slip the dog upon the deer, but he that lodges the deer, or raises

him, or puts him out, or he that sets a toil that he cannot escape, or the like."—*Attorney General's Charge.*

"Venison is sweet of one's own killing."—*Colours of Good and Evil.*

"A company of scholars going together to catch conies carried one scholar with them which had not much more wit than he was born with. . . . He cried aloud, '*Ecce multi cunicute*' (behold many conies). . . . The conies ran to their boroughs. . . . Being checked by them . . . answered, 'Who the devil would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?'"—*Apophthegms.*

"The grey-hound hath his advantage in the race . . . the hare . . . hath her advantage in the turn."—*Advancement of Learning.*

HORSE-RACES AND THE LIKE.

"Alexander when his father wished him to run for the prize of the race, at the Olympian Games, for he was very swift answered: 'He would if he might run with kings.'"—*Apophthegms.*

"The ordinary instrument of horsemanship is the spur, and . . . the horse is not to be accounted the loss of which will not do well without the spur."—*Colours of Good and Evil.*

"I would rather take the ass which would carry me than the horse which would throw me."—*Promus (Spanish Proverb).*

"We see in horse races men are curious to foresee there be not the least weight more upon the one horse more than upon the other."—*Natural History.*

"*L'œil du maître engraisse le cheval.*"—*Promus.*

"Nothing that is once perfect and hath run his race can receive much amendment."—*Natural History.*

"I am afraid of nothing but that the Master of the Horse, your excellent servant and I shall fall out who shall hold your stirrup best."—*To the King.*

"The things to be seen . . . are excercise of Horsemanship, fencing . . . and the like."—*Of Travel.*

"DICE AND CARDS MAY SOMETIMES BE USED FOR RECREATION WHEN FIELD SPORTS CANNOT BE HAD."—*To Villiers.*

"Gamesters use to call for new cards when they mistrust a pack."—*Speech.*

"Better call for a new pack of cards than play these if they be pack'd."—*Ibid.*

"He that follows his losses and giveth soon over at winnings will never gain by play."—*Promus.*

"I acknowledge myself not to be worthy to be a card-holder."—*Letter.*

"Some shall be . . . that would pluck the cards and others shall be . . . that would shuffle the cards."—*Speech.*

"The motions of shuffling of cards or casting of dice, are very light motions, and . . . gamesters imagine that some that stand by bring them ill luck."—*Natural History.*

"There be that can pack the cards and yet cannot play well."—*Of Cunning.*

"Cunning in making ye game."—*Promus.*

"He that playeth not the beginning of a game well at Tick-tack, and the latter end at Yrish shall never win."—*Promus.*

"We card holders have nothing to do but keep close our cards and do as we are bidden."—*Letter.*

"Tell your cards and tell me what you have won."—*Promus.*

"PERSUADING PASTIMES AND SPORTS."

—*Gray's Inn Mask.*

"Bold men upon . . . occasion they stand at a stay like a stale at chess where it is no mate but yet the game cannot stir."—*Of Boldness.*

"In games of wit as chess or the like, the draughts and first laws of the game are positive . . . but how to direct our play therupon with the best advantage to win the game is . . . rational."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"I know at Chess a pawn before the King is much played upon."—*Apology for Essex*.

"John, Duke of Saxony, whilst playing at chess received the order for his execution . . . whereupon . . . said, with a smile, 'Judge whether so far I am not the winner of the game, for as soon as I am dead, he,' pointing to his antagonist, 'will say that the game was his own.'"—*De Augmentis* (Book IV.).

"Practise swimming with bladders."—*Natural History*.

"MATTER OF SPORT AND VANITY."

—*Of Council Business*.

"When there is a Queen and Ladies of Honour attending her, there must be sometimes Masks and Revels and Interludes."—*To Villiers*.

"Recreation and putting away of melancholy."—*Promus*.

"I will not offer at that I cannot master."—*War with Spain*.

". . . Able to keep company at Play and gaming."—*Gray's Inn Mask*.

"Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of delights rather than surfeit of them."—*Regimen of Health*.

"Dancing to song is a thing of great state and pleasure."—*Of Masques*.

"He dances well to whom Fortune plays a tune."—*Promus*.

"Practice dancing with heavy shoes."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"Who taught the Parrot to say Good Morrow?"—*Advancement of Learning* (Book II.).

"Arts and Sciences have their work, and human counsels their ends, which they earnestly Hunt after. All natural things have either their food as a prey, or their Pleasure as a Recreation which they seek for, and that in a most expert and sagacious manner."—*Pan, or Nature (Wisdom of the Ancients)*.

"ART of ACTIVITY WHICH IS CALLED ACTIVITY."

—*Advancement of Learning*.

"For Athletic I take the subject of it largely, that is to say, for any point of ability whereunto the body of man may be brought whether it be of activity or of patience."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"His mind was to Wrestle a fall with Time."—*Promus*.

"'No, I will not wrestle now in my latter times.' 'My lord,' said I, 'you speak like a man.' Here you have the dialogue to make you merry."—*To Villiers*.

"Pursuits pass into character."—*Promus*.

"Like the Olympian gamesters who abstain from necessary labours that they might be fit for such as were not so."—*Apophthegms*.

"No knight of this Order shall put out money upon strange returns and performances to be made by his own person, as to hop up the stair of St. Paul's without intermission, or any other such like agilities."—*Gray's Inn Masque*.

"It is not amiss for men in their race toward their fortune to cool themselves."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"Mankind . . . should . . . try and exert their own strength and chances."—*Prometheus*.

"The matches and wages of sport pass away with such satisfactions and delights."—*Queen's Device*.

"For justs, and tourneys, and barriers, the glories of

them are chiefly in the chariots, wherein the challengers make their entry, especially if they be drawn with strange beasts, as lions, bears, camels, and the like: or in the devices of their entrance, or in the bravery of their liveries, or in the goodly furniture of their horses and armour."—*Of Masques*.

"Words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"The Turkish bow giveth a very forcible shoot."—*Natural History*.

"The Olympian games are down long since."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"Men mark when they hit, but never mark when they miss."—*Of Prophecies*.

"It is an error frequent for men to shoot over, and to suppose end and more compasses reached than are."—*Advancement of Learning* (Book II.).

"When the butt is set up, men need not rove, but except the white be placed men cannot level."—*Inter. of Nature*.

"The bolt of the rustic often hits the mark."—*From Observation*.

"A few times hitting . . . countervails oftentimes missing."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"A man may by his eye set up the white in the midst of the but, though he be no archer."—*Resuscitatio*.

"Princes many times make themselves desires . . . sometimes upon obtaining excellency in some feat of the hand . . . with the arrow . . . playing at fence . . . driving chariots and the like. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle that the mind of man is . . . cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things."—*Of Empire*.

"Let a man contend to excel any competitors of his in honour, in out-shooting them if he can in their own bow."—*Of Honour*.

"He shooteth too high a compass to shoot near."—*Promus*.

"Much bending breaks the bow, much unbending the mind."—*Ornamenta Rationalia*.

"In juggling feats . . . though we know not how they are done, yet we know well it is not as it seemeth to be, yet the more subtle sort of them doth not only put a man besides his answer, but doth many times abuse his judgment."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"GAMES OF ACTIVITY AND PASSTYME, OF ACT, OF STRENGTH, QUICKNESS."—*Promus*.

"Supple to all feats of activity and motions."—*Of Custom*.

"A man leapeth better with weights in his hands than without."—*Natural History*.

"Their snow-ball did not gather as it went."—*Henry VII*.

"Country fellows in a fencing school never ward till the blow be past. As country fellows use to do when they play at wafers . . . with them he that gets a blow straight falleth to ward when the blow is past, and if you strike him in another place thither goes his hand likewise; but to put by or foresee a blow they neither have the skill nor the will."—*War with Spain*.

"It is much better to be doing than enjoying."—*De Augmentis*.

"It is the life of an ox or a beast always to eat and never exercise."—*Resuscitatio*.

"Better is a lame man in the right way than a swift runner out of the way."—*Promus*.

"In races it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed."—*Of Dispatch*.

"He stumbles who makes too much haste."—*Promus*.

"Activity hath two parts, strength and swiftness; see practises in Tumblers."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"Some come to win the prizes . . . others come only to look on."—*Apophthegms*.

"He will never do his tricks clean."—*Promus*.

Being for "all time" even aeroplanes are not forgotten.

"Spreading of feathers thin and close and in great breadth will . . . bear up a great weight. Further extension of this experiment for flying may be thought upon."—*Natural History*.

Once more let me quote from St. Luke:—"Of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh." *

ALICIA A. LEITH.

THE ENIGMAS IN *PERICLES*.

THERE would seem to be two riddles in the play of *Pericles* (printed in 1609). The first—that set by Antiochus—follows the prose story entitled "Appolonius, Prince of Tyre," upon which the play is based, but this riddle, according to the play, was capable of prompt and easy solution.

The second riddle is manifestly more difficult, as it consists in the correct interpretation of the emblematical devices borne by the six knights in the Tryumph before King Simonides. The author of the play goes out of his way in substituting for the exhibition of the feats of skill, as told in and appropriate to the era of the prose story, a Tryumph or procession similar to those performed in the very much later Elizabethan period.

There may have been some hidden object in this substitution, as also in the re-naming (*Pericles* for *Appolonius*) of the titular character. In seeking a

solution of the riddle evidently propounded in the emblematical devices of the six knights, we may usefully turn to Whitney's book on emblems, printed in 1856. Whitney describes an emblem as having some witty device expressed with cunning workmanship; something obscure to be perceived at the first, whereby when with further consideration it is understood it may the greater delight the beholder. He proceeds: "All Emblems may be reduced into three kinds—Historical, Natural, and Moral. Historical as representing the acts of some noble persons being matter of history."

Dr. Creighton, in his book "Shakespeare's Story of His Life," helps to a clue. Alluding to the first riddle, he classes it with the one recorded in the Bible as propounded by Samson, which was insoluble until facts exclusively in Samson's possession were forthcoming.

Dr. Creighton thought the Armado references to Samson in *Love's Labour Lost* a sufficient indication that the history of Samson and his riddle were well known to the writer of the plays. The probabilities are that the enigma of the devices of the six knights was equally incapable of solution until certain facts in the dramatist's possession were eventually revealed. On that footing the enigma was intended for solution by and amusement of the reading public of a later age when possessed of the requisite facts. Confirming this view it is noticeable that the six devices give evidence of careful selection, the first and last of them (according to Mr. Green, "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers") being special inventions by the author of the play.

The devices and mottoes, as described by Thasia, are as follow:—

1st Knight Device—"A blacke Ethyope reaching at the sun."
Motto—"Lux tua vita mihi."

2nd Knight Device—"An arm'd knight conquered by a lady."
Motto—"Pue per dolcera kee per forsa."

3rd Knight Device—"A wreath of chivalry."

Motto—"Me pompey provexit apex."

4th Knight Device—"A burning torch that's turned upside downe."

Motto—"Qui me alit me extinguit."

5th Knight Device—"A hand environed with clouds holding out gold that's by the touchstone tryde."

Motto—"Sic spectanda fides."

6th Knight Device—"A withered branch that's onely greene on top."

Motto—"In hac spe vivo."

(I have given the spelling as it appears in the Quarto.)

The 6th Knight was personified by Pericles himself. The Pericles of history was a gentleman of Athens who had received a remarkably complete education, and was a man of extraordinary ability and diligence. According to Plutarch's "Lives" (as translated by Bacon's contemporary, North), Pericles grew to have a great mind and an eloquent tongue, without affectation or gross country terms. Having obtained a deep understanding by studying philosophy (beside that Nature had endowed him with an excellent wit and capacity), he did so compass it with eloquence that he far passed all the orators of his time.

This description of Pericles agrees so well with what Gosnold, Ben Jonson, and Tobie Mathew had to say about Bacon's gifts as an orator, not to mention his other qualifications, that one is led to the assumption that the devices of the six knights are intended to compose some historical emblem concerning Bacon's own career at the date (1609) that the play was printed. Examined in the light of the facts as to his parentage and secret history, which, in 1609, were almost in Bacon's sole possession, but which have now been deciphered, the enigma should emerge from obscurity and be capable of solution.

In the hope that others will essay an interpretation I hazard mine. In the first device it seems to me Francis prays that light may in time be thrown upon the dark places of his life. In the second he alludes to his well-known method of surmounting difficulties, "more by gentleness than by force." The third may refer to his having been created a knight at the triumphal procession when James I. was crowned King of England. I think that preferably it is intended to represent Bacon's faith of eventually gaining the laurel crown of public fame. The fourth device would appear to be an allusion to Queen Elizabeth, who, though she gave him birth, extinguished his hope of being formally acknowledged as her son and successor to the throne by telling her Council to send to Scotland for her successor. The fifth device alludes to his true title of "Francis I.," as the device and motto were first invented for, and used by, the French king Francis I. In the sixth device Francis expresses his confidence that future ages would see his name and fame restored and properly recognised, and that he was sustained by the hope of this. A similar idea is symbolised in the enigmatic prophecy in *Cymbeline*. "And when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be joyned to the old stocke, and freshly grow then," etc.

The year that *Pericles* was published (1609) was also the year of the publication of the "Shakespeare Sonnets." It is possible that the play may help in the interpretation of the Sonnets.

PARKER WOODWARD.

WHO IS SELF-REVEALED ? SHAKESPEARE OR PROFESSOR DOWDEN ?

PROFESSOR DOWDEN has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* a very remarkable paper, entitled "Is Shakespeare Self-revealed ?"

Like everything Professor Dowden writes, it is wise, thoughtful, philosophical, full of searching criticism and large literary learning, luminously and felicitously expressed. There is, however, one single omission—it shows how Shakespeare's mind and art are revealed, it displays his psychological attributes, but William Shakspeare himself is as far as ever from being disclosed. The learned professor draws a metaphysical, not a biographical, portrait. He quotes Dr. Sidney Lee, who seeks for a "tangible personality" and whose conclusion is that it cannot be found ; and Professor Dowden has not come to his rescue ; after reading his paper Dr. Lee's conclusion remains unshaken. The self-revelment, such as it is, is not personal, but impersonal. And yet Professor Dowden quotes, with something approaching to approval, Professor Raleigh's assertion that "the impersonal view of Shakespeare's art would never be entertained by an artist." Ben Jonson bids us "look how the father's face lives in his issue," and this is so far true of Shakespeare's writings that they all have a family resemblance such as belongs to no other writer. So that we can detach portions of the Shakesperean plays, and "refuse without hesitation to attribute them to Shakespeare, because the family likeness is absent—they are 'Un-Shakesperean.'" Of course, this may be true, and yet the "tangible personality" remain undisclosed, and this seems to be Professor Dowden's impression.

We must use the "spirit-sense" in this investigation ; there is no use for optics or optical instruments ; no painter can find entrance into this private apartment. If the hideous caricature of a portrait prefixed to the 1623 Folio does not content us, we must remain unsatisfied and accept Ben Jonson's sly suggestion :

"Look not on his picture but his book."

For instance, we know nothing of Shakespeare's digestion, "whether he was fond of cold mutton or not ;" we only know, Professor Dowden tell us, that "he could turn the food he eat, whether beef or mutton, into such poetry as no other human being has created."

Professor Dowden brings forth a good many poets and authors in comparison with Shakespeare, and shows that self-revelment may be found in their writings. Browning lets us into many personal secrets as to his "aspirations, his hopes, his passions, his beliefs, his likes and dislikes." Schiller, Goethe, Walter Scott, Milton, and especially Balzac, show some trace of a "tangible personality" in their writings. And Shakespeare also reveals himself, but the "tangible personality" which is seen in Goethe, Schiller, and the rest, is not to be found in Shakespeare—he was so provokingly impersonal. So that, when Emerson says that Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare, the conclusion must be that no other biography is possible, and that this biography must for ever remain impersonal. We know, Emerson says, every trait of his private mind—"so far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person in all modern history known to us." If Shakespeare sued Philip Rogers for 35 shillings and 10 pence for malt delivered, we are thankful for this information, but the same might be true of any man ; the Shakespeare of the plays is still unrevealed. Indeed, according to Emer-

son, the mystery is augmented, for looking at such personal facts as this he is rather staggered than enlightened—these are facts which he “cannot marry to his verse.”

What, then, do we know about Shakespeare from his verse? for it seems that this is the only source of his revelation. Just this: “His distinction is that he felt and expressed more profoundly than any other man what is common to us all.” There is not much of a “tangible personality” here; we are as near to Jerusalem as to Stratford-on-Avon—perhaps nearer. And all the rest is of the same character. The plays introduce us to persons who are humorous and witty; the inventor of their speeches must have had wit and humour in his composition. He portrays the passion of lovers, but all we can conclude from this is that some veritable feeling capable of interpreting the signs and demonstrations of love must have been his—not that he had himself ever been possessed by the tender passion or loved any particular lady, any more than we can infer that Shakespeare was a murderer because he paints the death of Duncan and Desdemona. The creator of Hamlet, the master of irony, must have himself been capable of irony; the creator of Perdita must have seen loveliness in flowers.

As a somewhat nearer approach to a less vague and general likeness, most of those who have described Shakespeare ideally have affirmed that he was “a Tory and a gentleman”—here Stratford-on-Avon seems to recede—“he leaned towards a conservative view in political affairs,” not a revolutionary, yet he sympathised with the trials and sorrows of the poor, he disliked mobs and distrusted citizen politics as narrow and self-interested. He valued rank and degree; he had a spirit of reverence and a deep sense of the mystery of things. But not one of these opinions and character-

istics are distinctive of any individual; opinions, the Professor reminds us, are not so significant as the way in which they are held.

Now all this is very interesting and very instructive, but if Professor Dowden had exercised his wonted keenness of scrutiny he might have referred to a few other matters much more approaching the "tangible personality" department.

For instance, he might have pointed out, what most critics who have any professional knowledge of law have recognised, that the poet was a trained lawyer,—several books having been written to prove this,—with such a knowledge of the technicalities and inner mysteries of the law as no personal or family litigation could supply. Such a man would not be likely at any time of his life to be a butcher, or a glover, or a money-lender, or a vendor of malt.

He might have pointed out that the poet was so familiar with classic history and classic authors, both Greek and Latin, as Professor Churton Collins and others have demonstrated, that the presumption of a University education is so great as almost to amount to demonstration.

He might, in company with Cowden Clarke, when commenting on 2 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 10, say, "This passage shows that a University education was a usual preparatory step in studying at one or other of the Inns of Court, and it gives ground to our belief that Shakespeare may have been a collegian at one of the Universities, and may have subsequently kept terms at one of the Inns of Court." (There are other indications that Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke regarded Shakespeare as more resembling Bacon than the son of an unlettered country townsman. See my "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," p. 288, n.) He might have amplified his admission that Shakespeare was a "Tory

and a Gentleman"—such an admission conveys very little to the casual reader while it is left in the sequestered retreat of psychologic analysis, but it comes within speaking distance of a "tangible personality" when it is followed into detail. The *Bellua multorum capitum* of Horace is frequently reflected in the plays. "The blunt monster with uncounted heads," the "vulgar heart" and "beastly feeder," the multitude "blown, like a feather, lightly to and fro," who, as Bacon says, "love ever to run from one extreme to another," and show this facile mobility by shouting "We'll follow Cade" one moment, and "We'll follow Clifford" the next,—and, as a pendant to all this aristocratic scorn of the commonality, Professor Dowden might have referred to his remarkable familiarity with Court life, which is the *mise en scene* of nearly all his dramas—such a familiarity as could not at that time have been acquired without personal experience as a resident in Court circles.

He might have noticed the fact that the poet was a master of colloquial French, such as only residence for a considerable time with French-speaking people could have made possible.

He might have noticed that the poet had most probably travelled in France and Italy and knew, as only a travelled man could, the special local features of Italian cities, such as Venice, Milan, Verona.

He might have noticed that the poet was deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy, both as interpreted by Cicero or St. Augustin, as in *Hen. V.* I. ii. 180, etc., and was, so Richard Grant White affirms, expounded in the then untranslated First Alcibiades (*Tro. Cres.* III. iii. 103, etc.), and that many of the plays are distinctly coloured by this philosophy, such as *Troilus and Cressida*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry V.*, and the *Sonnets*.

He might have noticed that the poet was evidently acquainted with Bacon's philosophy, even with parts not published till after William Shakspeare's death, and that the similarities in thought and expression between Bacon and Shakespeare are so numerous and so striking that, after making all allowance for chance resemblances, floating current phrases, identical reading and study, the residuum of correspondence which cannot be thus explained is very great, and raises questions of origin and authorship which demand patient and unbiassed investigation.

Now there is no Shakespearean scholar living who is more thoroughly conversant with all these facts than Professor Dowden, and the omission to produce any one of them, in discussing a topic to which they are so germane, seems to me to convey more than a hint that the learned professor knew that if he hunted too keenly for a "tangible personality," he was more likely to find Francis Bacon than William Shakspeare. And I must conclude that, apart from Professor Dowden's exposition of Shakespeare's self-revelment, he has supplied a revealment of himself, and that we are entitled to ask him to tell us openly what his belief is, and whether he is a genuine Shakespearean or a Crypto-Baconian. He apparently holds a brief for William Shakspeare, but he calls no witnesses, he supplies no arguments, he appeals to no evidence in support of his client. William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, is *nowhere* in his paper. He tells us that any other man than he might have sued Philip Rogers for malt, and the same may be said of any other fact revealed concerning the Stratford claimant.

Our suspicion is confirmed not only by the general tone of his paper, but by the brief and perfunctory reference which he makes to the Baconian theory. It is very significant that for the first fourteen

pages of his paper, he keeps to the non-committal region of psychology; only in the concluding 4½ pages does he faintly (as I have shown) grapple with his topic, and then the Baconian hypothesis is dismissed in a single short sentence. And what is the import of this sentence? Professor Dowden quotes a sentence from Dr. Bradley's recently published Oxford Lecture, that the creator of Launce's immortal Crab did not love a dog. But,—the Professor adds,—this cannot be said of Bacon, for, "when Secretary Winwood did beat his dog for lying on a stool," Bacon quarrelled with the Secretary, and declared that "every gentleman did love a dog." This apparently settles the case, for Professor Dowden adds, "I must postpone the declaration of my conversion to Baconianism until such zealous and learned Baconians as Dr. Theobald and Mr. Stronach prove that Dr. Bradley has maligned our gentle 'Shakespeare,'—our gentle Shakespeare who bit the hand of Essex that fed him." It is also significant that in this explanation of his purpose in the *Contemporary* article he still keeps to himself any account of his own belief. He has no answer to the inference suggested by his article that he is a Crypto-Baconian.

Can anyone find a more absolutely illogical and inconclusive argument than this in the whole range of controversial literature? It seems to me absolutely monstrous. Dr. Bradley's statement is purely conjectural, and there are not wanting passages in *Lear* and *Macbeth* which prove that the poet was something of a dog fancier, and had some knowledge, and consequently interest, in the different breeds of dogs; and Crab is certainly an amusing specimen of the tribe, such as any gentleman might love. Both Launce and his delineator could not have disliked dogs. Indeed, it is more easy to infer from these passages that the poet,

like every other gentleman, *did* love a dog than that he did not. And as to the collateral stab in the conclusion of this precious morsel of fantastic logic, Professor Dowden knows as well as any other scholar that the best and most recent critics fail to find anything blameable in Bacon's conduct in the Essex trial; so that Professor Dowden's selected reason for postponement of his Baconian creed is irrelevant, and to my mind the Professor is self-revealed as a Baconian.

I may add that I sent to Professor Dowden an account of the main points of this article, and the use I wished to make of it, by sending it to the *Contemporary Review*. The Professor is a gentleman, every inch of him, as courteous as he is accomplished, who never follows the bad example set by Sidney Lee, Churton Collins, Furnival, and others, of treating the Baconian hypothesis as a visionary hallucination of lunatics. In reply to my communication he writes as follows:—

"Though I gave my *Contemporary* article a Shakespearean name, it really dealt with the wider question of the appearance of personality through objective work in art, and I had no intention of presenting my own portrait of Shakespeare, though this was touched on incidentally."

It seems, then, that the question which Professor Dowden puts as the heading of his article is one that he had no intention of answering—only of touching incidentally. Exactly so! The question remains for us, Would Professor Dowden have left the question unanswered if he could have given a reply of a nature satisfactory for an avowed Shakespearean, as he is supposed to be? If his topic leads him to show how Goethe and Schiller, Browning and Balzac, are self-revealed in their writings, much more does it involve some indications of Shakespeare's self-revelment. If

parallel cases are suggested, we look for both sides of the parallel, not a single straight line without its fellow. The general question of the "appearance of personality through objective art" is undoubtedly an interesting one, and Professor Dowden handles it with his accustomed thoroughness and ability. But if this is intended as the exclusive topic, the title is misleading, for it invites us to an inspection of Shakespeare's personality as revealed in his writings. Why is this withheld? I can conceive of no other explanation except that suggested in the preceding pages.

[This article was sent to the *Contemporary Review*, but, as might have been expected, was rejected.]

Mr. Frank Harris's book, "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story," deals with much the same topic as Professor Dowden's *Contemporary* article. But Mr. Harris takes a new and quite original view of Shakespeare, and seeks to find his portrait in several of the characters he has drawn in the plays. The typical portrait is Hamlet, and Mr. Harris contends that essentially the same character is given in at least five or six other persons in the dramas—Romeo, Posthumus, Prospero, Brutus, Jacques, Macbeth and others. By repeating so often the same character he betrays his own individuality; he himself is Hamlet, Macbeth and the rest. As before, it is an ideal portrait, not a biographical one, and as such is probably correct; but when he endeavours to fit it to the person of William Shakspeare he signally fails. The portrait may easily be seen in Bacon, but not in anyone else. For instance, he writes, "Surely it is the country-bred lad from Stratford who speaks in this way,

“ ‘ They say the town is full of cozenage,
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,’ ”

etc. This is *not* the language of a poorly educated rustic, but of a learned and cultivated scholar. Similarly he repeats the absurdity that William Shakspeare came to London with *Venus and Adonis* in his pocket—a wild notion which has not an atom of probability. And all his attempts to identify his portrait with the Stratford townsman are equally futile; besides that, he buttresses his conjectures with all the guessing formulæ which we are so familiar with in the writings of Sidney Lee and Mrs. Stopes, such as—probably—there can be no doubt—still less doubt—I dare say—I am pretty sure—all these occur in two pages, and some of them are repeated. As a Shakespeare study Mr. Harris's book is interesting and instructive, but as a revealer of the individual man it is hopelessly inconclusive.

What, however, we most object to is the excessively scornful and cocksure way in which he insults all critics who take different views from his own. Phrases of scorn and supercilious contempt occur in reckless profusion; and Shakespeare himself is not spared, if his words do not fit Mr. Harris's theories. They are—“ridiculous fustian,” “poetic slush,” “skimble-skamble stuff,” “historic and poetic slush,” “this *stuff*,” “poetic balderdash,” “this extraordinary mixture of priggishness and pious pity,” “a judgment wholly out of place and very clumsily expressed,” a “wretched invertebrate play without even a main current of interest,” “Shakespeare's personal vindictiveness,” “an indifferent play-right, careless of the architectural structure of his pieces, contemptuous of stage craft,” “self-esteem founded on snobbish non-essentials,” “a snob of the purest English water,” “his snobbishness,” “pure snobbery,” “overpowering sensuality and snobbishness,”

"inordinately vain and conceited," "he could not construct plays or invent stories," "inordinately vain and self-centred," "when his vanity was injured his blindness was almost inconceivable," "his jingoism," "his accumulated bitterness," "he was passion's slave and had experienced the ultimate degradation of lust," "the scene is as bad as bad can be," "his aristocratic pose." These phrases are applied to some of the most exquisite passages in Shakespeare, and the critics fare no better; apparently no one has a right to criticise Shakespeare but Mr. Harris himself. They "have buttered this drama with extravagant praise," they write "the absurdest nonsense, praising because praise has come to be the fashion and also because, no doubt, his bad work is more on the level of their intelligence than his good work," "beyond persuasion by argument," "Gradgrind and his compeers," or "Dryasdust" (repeatedly), "poor Coleridge's perverse ingenuity," "so superficial and false a judgment" (Professor Dowden is the false judge), "is a quaint example of mid-Victorian taste; it reminds me of the horsehair sofa and antimacassar," "these professors have no distinct mental image," "this sentimental balderdash," "the man who needs further proofs [than Mr. Harris's own] would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead to convince him," "mangled by unintelligent actors, such as Salvini," "foolish mummery."

It seems to me that anyone who has these opinions of Shakespeare and his critics ought either to ignore the subject altogether or leave his censure unexpressed. A great deal of his judgment of Shakespeare's personal life depends on the assumption that he was entangled by Miss Fitton. This, of course, is pure conjecture; there is not an atom of solid proof to sustain it; it could not possibly apply to a rustic stage manager, and there is nothing in

Bacon's story to corroborate it, if he is to be accepted as the true Shakespeare. But Mr. Harris speaks of it as if it were a well-ascertained historical fact resting on unimpeachable evidence.

The Westminster Review, noticing the book, says "If one can accept the portrait, the Baconian theory is dead for ever"—which is both true and false; for if the portrait is accepted, Bacon is the only possible original, and the Baconian theory ceases to exist as a speculation, it is established as a fact. But in truth those reviewers cannot write about our theory without talking nonsense. Mr. Harris does not refer to it, so we are spared the supercilious contempt which he would no doubt have poured upon it.

The book, like Professor Dowden's article, will help our cause; but its essential value will be much depreciated by the scorn which pervades its treatment both of Shakespeare and his critics. This tone is characteristic of the *Saturday Review*, which Mr. Frank Harris edited, and where the chapters of this book first appeared.

R. M. THEOBALD.

WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the death of William Henry Burr, A.M. (1819—1908) in February, 1908, at Washington, District of Columbia, U.S.A., it would seem appropriate that the columns of *BACONIANA* should contain a slight tribute to his memory. Mr. Burr was a subscriber and contributor to *BACONIANA* from its first issue in 1892 (American edition) to the end of the nineteenth century, when failing eye-sight and a diminished income required him to lessen his magazine reading and to retrench in

his expenses. A graduate of a New York State college, and after residing for many years in New York City, he came to Washington, D.C., and became an official reporter and stenographer in Congress. At a later period he retired from active official work, and employed his time in literary work, contributing to papers, magazines, etc. From his knowledge of languages acquired in his college days he became very much interested in examining and refuting many errors that have crept into history and have been accepted by the general public, who are either too indolent, or have not the time and opportunity, to examine such matters for themselves. Residing in Washington for nearly half a century, and having access to the library of Congress, as well as to other large libraries in this city, which (aside from the library of Congress) contain over a million books, pamphlets, etc., he had unequalled facilities for the class of literary work and study that he followed.

Soon after Judge Nathaniel Holmes' (1815—1901) book, "The Authorship of Shake-speare," appeared in 1866, Mr. Burr procured a copy, and from that time he became a Baconian, and a most radical one. He accepted the mathematical cipher of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly (1821—1901) and of the Rev. Edwin Gould (1899—1907), of Montreal, Canada; the word cipher and the bi-literal cipher of Francis Bacon as illustrated and deciphered by Mrs. Elizabeth (Wells) Gallup. With Messrs. Donnelly and Owens Mr. Burr was personally acquainted, and learned from them much more than he could possibly have learned from their book only. He contributed many articles on the subject to daily, weekly, and monthly papers and magazines, which articles were of great interest and value. Had that very valuable book "The Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," by W. H. Wyman,

Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S., 1884, been continued to the end of the century much of Mr. Burr's writings would have been recorded in it. As it is, a printed copy of much of his work has been preserved. The writer of this article has compiled many pages of type-written manuscript from the originals as found in Mr. Burr's several scrap-books.

The pamphlet of some fifty-two pages, "Shaksper Could not Write," by Wm. H. Burr, A.M., Washington, D.C., 1886 and 1906, contains a statement of facts that never have been answered or refuted. It shows the gross ignorance and illiteracy of "Willm Shagsper" (1563—1616), of Stratford, and of his family. Although Mr. Wm. Henry Smith, of London, had issued a similar pamphlet in London before 1860, Mr. Burr had never heard of it until after his book was compiled. It is hoped that the English readers of BACONIANA will procure this book, a copy of which may be seen in the library of the Bacon Society at 11, Hart Street.

Aside from his literary studies Mr. Burr was an artist and portrait painter of considerable ability, also a performer on the violin and flute. For many years he was a member of amateur orchestras and other musical associations.

R. A. SMITH.

War Dept., Washington, D.C., U.S.

BACON ASKING FOR OFFICE.

MANY of those who hunt up as many matters as possible for censure against Bacon have attributed to him incredible meanness and self-seeking in his, (as Professor Nichols writes), "endless suing for office." Apart from the great exaggeration with which these "endless pleas" are alleged, the accusation itself is absolutely groundless. On this point

I cannot put the case better than in the words of Dr. Hull Platt, who writes to me as follows :—

“I cannot see where the wrong is if a man wants public office to ask for it. With you, when a man wishes to be elected to Parliament, doesn't he ask for votes? And does anyone think it is wrong or undignified? I never heard of such an idea here. If a man desires employment, is there any impropriety in his saying so, and calling attention to his qualifications? I don't see that Bacon's offence was anything more than that. Why is it that almost everything which is perfectly proper and innocent when done by others is a rank offence on Bacon's part? I cannot understand it.”

I may remind readers of BACONIANA that all the facts relating to Bacon's suits for office were completely discussed in the *Bacon Journal*, some years ago, in a review of Professor Nichols' book. That book is one of the most curious paradoxes in all literature; nearly everything that Bacon did or said is praised in one sentence and condemned or disparaged in the next, so that it is not easy to determine the author's final judgment. So surprising is this that Dr. Hull Platt, after reading this review, writes to me :—

“Don't you believe that the Bacon book of Professor Nichols is intended for satire? I have not seen the book; I am only judging by what you say. But I don't see how a man can seriously approve every individual action and yet condemn them in the gross. Will not the book bear this interpretation? From your account of it, it would seem to me as though it was an attempt to poke fun at the anti-Baconians while not separating himself from the orthodox camp. Think if that explanation will not fit the case.”

I do not think this explanation can be accepted. Professor Nichols' case is that of “a man convinced

against his will," and who remains "of the same opinion still." Consequently his account of Bacon's career and character is full of inconsistencies and self-contradictions. The faults alleged in one sentence are answered by the facts stated elsewhere—the censure is the residuum of anti-Baconian opinion; the praise is the record of actual and present observation; the praise occupies the department labelled "against his will;" the censure is located in the pigeon-hole labelled "of the same opinion still." Much the same contrast may be detected in Macaulay's account of Bacon. It must be so; Bacon's merits are too many and too large to be overlooked; the crimes imputed to him are matters of construction, and are awkwardly placed in a framework in which they do not fit.

R. M. THEOBALD.

A DEFINITE ISSUE.

THE following letter appeared in the *Observer* of the 17th October, 1909.

THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIO OF 1623.

AN ENQUIRY CHALLENGED.

To the Editor of "*The Observer*."

SIR,—The recent discovery by Dr. Wallace of documents in which the name of William Shakespeare is mentioned does not in the slightest degree affect the question of the authorship of the dramas. The Burbages, in their communication to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, in reply to the petition of Benefield Swanston and Pollard, related that they had built the Globe Theatre and go on to say, "And to ourselves we joined those deserving men, Shakespere, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and others partners in the profittes of that they call the house." The documents recently published afford the additional information that the "others" were Pope and Kemp, and that Shakespeare's

share was a fourteenth. That is all. There is not a shred of evidence yet adduced that he was a theatrical manager or a playwright, or an actor manager. All statements to this effect are pure surmises. The evidence all points in the opposite direction.

The author of the Shakespeare dramas was the most exquisite intellect the world has ever seen, *facile princeps* as a master of the construction of dramatic poetry, a brilliant orator—this is self-evident from the prose passages—and yet he lived and died in the midst of such eminent men as Raleigh, Sydney, Spenser, Bacon, Cecil, Walsingham, Coke, Camden, Hooker, Drake, Hobbes, Inigo Jones, Herbert of Cherbury, Seldon, Walton, Wotton, and Doune; and if he was William Shakespeare of Stratford, not one of this brilliant band has mentioned the man or appears to have recognised his transcendent genius. The only contemporary evidence connecting the man of Stratford with the authorship of the plays is prefixed to the folio edition of 1623.

Can the value of this evidence be undermined? It can, and I have therefore to make a suggestion. It is this: That you, sir, select a committee of three or five men well qualified impartially to consider evidence. It is not for me to suggest names, but if Major Macmahon, the General Secretary of the British Association, would consent to act as one of the jury, his assistance would be invaluable.

I will prove to such a committee:—

(1) That the lines "To the Reader," signed B.I., prefixed to the folio edition, 1623, of the Shakespeare Plays represent a scale or table of numbers;

(2) That the peculiar relations arising therefrom between the names "William Shakespeare" and "Francis Bacon" justify the assertion that the former was a pseudonym of the latter. That the name "Ben Jonson" is also connected with such scale or table;

(3) That the year 1623 was specially chosen as the date of the issue of the first folio on account of the peculiar properties of the figures constituting it;

(4) That the Droueshout Engraving represents a Mask, and is not intended to portray the face of the true author ;

(5) That many, if not all, of the mispaginations contained in the folio edition are intentional, and are in direct correspondence to the said scale of numbers.

The evidence in support of these contentions is the result of fifteen years' labour by Mr. E. V. Tanner ; and if the committee come to a decision, as I believe they will, that it justifies the foregoing contentions, to him solely will be due the entire credit of a remarkable discovery.

Yours obediently, WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

36, Russell-square, W.C., October 15, 1909.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for his confidence and deal with this letter in our editorial columns.—Ed., *Observer*.]

The Editor of *The Observer* commented thereon in the following leaderette :—

WHO WAS SHAKESPEARE ?

In his interesting letter in another column, Mr. W. T. Smedley makes the somewhat astonishing suggestion that the claims of Shakespeare cannot be satisfactorily examined until they are dealt with like the claims of Dr. Cook. Our correspondent is good enough to suggest a committee of from three to five gentlemen, who shall undertake, in a scientific manner, a task similar to that which has been carried out by the Explorers' Club in New York. Until we have taken expert opinion on the preliminaries, we could not assume the somewhat awful responsibility with which Mr. Smedley desires us to charge ourselves. But at least it may be admitted that our correspondent represents a very complicated form of an apparently inextinguishable heresy. Starting from the contention that all the evidence for Shakespeare's connection with the plays depends upon the folio of 1623, Mr. Smedley asserts that year of publication to have been chosen on account of the "peculiar properties" of the figures

composing the date. From the introductory lines possessing "peculiar properties" to a still stranger degree, a scale of numbers may be deduced. Even the mispagnations are full of cryptic intention. And the results, we are told, will "justify the assertion" that William Shakespeare was Francis Bacon. The enquiry for which our correspondent appeals would either dazzle the mind or double the gaiety of nations. We agree that it ought to be made.

At last, therefore, a definite issue has been raised on specific points. These, it will be seen, do not include any of the arguments which have hitherto been advanced in support of what is termed the Baconian theory of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. Mr. Tanner's work is, however, so complete and conclusive as to leave little doubt as to the result of the deliberations of the Committee, when it is formed. The task of obtaining a Committee which would be impartial, and at the same time be considered by the Editor of *The Observer* adequate, is no easy task.

The time of experts is valuable and the subject is not a popular one. Already, however, several gentlemen whose names will inspire full confidence have agreed to serve on the Committee, and within a few days it will be completed. Efforts are being made to obtain a Lord Justice of the High Court as President, so that the decision, when recorded, may be said to practically be that of a judicial enquiry.

NOTES.

WHAT a great stir has been made about a very insignificant discovery! Dr. C. W. Wallace turned up some documents connected with a law suit which was brought, about 1615, against John Hemyne by his daughter, in respect of leases of certain shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, acquired by her late husband and held in trust by her father for her. The additional information

afforded by these documents is very little more than was previously obtained from the Burbages' reply in 1635 to the petition to the Lord Chamberlain put forward by Benefield, Swanston and Pollard. The publication by the *Times* of Dr. Wallace's articles, heralded in a very ostentatious manner by a prior announcement of their great importance, produced the usual crop of satirical remarks about the Baconian theory by journalists who are wholly ignorant of the facts connected with the history of Shakespeare and Elizabethan theatres.

Perhaps the most ludicrous display of ignorance was contained in an article by a Mr. Charles Whibley, to which the *Daily Mail* devoted a column. "The popular superstition," says the writer, "that we know nothing of Shakespeare, should be dispelled by Dr. Wallace's discovery. The fact is, there are few of Shakespeare's contemporaries of whom we know as much as we know of Shakespeare." The gentleman who could make such a statement might, with advantage to himself, devote a few hours to reading any one of the many books which give a rough survey of the men of the period. Of course the clever writer drags in the usual sneer at the poor Baconian searcher after truth. He says: "The Baconian and the sceptic will remain unconvinced. Even if a vision were sent from heaven of Shakespeare inditing with his own hand the soliloquy of Hamlet they would still suspect a fraud."

The unveiling, by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, of a bronze tablet erected in Park Street, Southwark, on the site of the old Globe Playhouse, has provoked another Shakespeare controversy. So authentic are the facts, upon which the enthusiastic Shakspearean relies when he makes a grand pronouncement, that a contention invariably springs up around them. The actor-knight

was supported by the Bishop of Southwark, Sir Edward Clarke, and other distinguished men. But already the articles of Dr. Wallace had thrown doubt as to whether the site of the old Globe was not some distance away from the position to be assigned to it by this memorable gathering. In unveiling the tablet, Sir Herbert described it as erected "to the memory of London's greatest Londoner, William Shakespeare." No exception can be taken to a dedication so accurately expressed.

It is a pleasure to turn to an article on the subject which appeared in the "Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects." The author, Mr. George Hubbard, F.S.A., has reprinted the same in pamphlet form, and attached to it reproductions of plans and maps of the period. The article is full of interesting facts relating to the Globe and its neighbourhood. Mr. George Hubbard locates it on the Bankside fronting the river, and adds: "The maps confirm and check each other with curious accuracy, and if reliance is placed upon them it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than the one I have attempted to expound."

Mrs. C. C. Stopes recently contributed a long article to the *Athenæum* on "The Burbages and the Transportation of the Theatre." It embraces such details as are available concerning litigation which took place between the years 1597 and 1601, in which the Burbages, Giles Alleyn, and others were concerned in connection with the transportation of the theatre over the water to Southwark. Halliwell-Phillips has set forth in a general way the main facts, but Mrs. Stopes has delved into documents and records, and in her article presents particulars of the various stages through

which the litigation passed, giving references to the sources from which the information is obtained. Twice only does Shakespeare's name appear, and in this way: "In a very short time a new 'theatre' rose, like the phoenix, from the ashes of the old. Shakespeare that time knew what was in a name, and as the decree had gone out against 'The Theatre' they changed its name. Was it because they knew 'all the world's a stage' that they called it then the Globe? There Shakespeare was free to create and Burbage to interpret his creations." Mrs. Stopes has drawn liberally on her imagination in these sentences, but as the facts do not introduce it, she has dragged the name of Shakespeare into her article. Then, with the incomparable logic of the true Stratfordian, she concludes her article with these words: "This paper acts as the second part of my answer to the Baconian query, 'Where did Shakespeare learn his law?'" Having read the article one can only answer, "I'll be hanged if I know."

Mr. George Stronach has been having a time after his own heart. John O'London, writing in *T.P.'s Weekly*, gave battle to him, and the result may be readily imagined. For weeks, for months, the controversy has been continued, occupying many pages of the journal. Mr. Stronach has been joined by other stalwarts, including Dr. R. M. Theobald and Mr. Parker Woodward. There is no doubt as to with whom the laurels lay, but valuable as such a correspondence is, though it may make some converts to the truth, some mechanical proof—to use Mr. Hillaire Belloc's words—is necessary to convince the plain man in the street, and that proof may now be expected any day. Mr. E. V. Tanner has such a mechanical proof, but anxious disciples of the great master are waiting day by day, knowing that other

proofs which he left—proofs which put the authorship of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets and other works beyond the realms of dispute—are in existence and will shortly be forthcoming. On the 20th January, 1910, the 350th anniversary of Bacon's birth will be celebrated. Here is a prediction, dangerous though it may be to hazard it, that before the sun rises on that day the truth will be definitely and for all time established.

Mr. George Greenwood, M.P., in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for July, replied to the two articles which had previously appeared therein from the pen of Sir Edward Sullivan, under the title of "The Defamers of Shakespeare." An impartial reader would be compelled to admit that Mr. Greenwood comes off with flying colours. He ruthlessly exposes Sir Edward's ignorance on important points and his general inaccuracy in statement. The reader must turn to the articles themselves for corroboration of this statement. In the August number of the same periodical, Sir Edward Sullivan and Canon Beeching both return to the attack on Mr. Greenwood—the former in a contribution styled "Francis Bacon as a Poet," the latter in an article entitled "A Last Word to Mr. George Greenwood." This is the first appearance of Canon Beeching in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* in this controversy. He feebly endeavours to reply to the chastisement which he received "In *re* Shakespeare. Beeching and Greenwood. Rejoinder on behalf of the Defendant." At this stage the Editor closes the door. After placing 33 pages at Sir Edward Sullivan's disposal, he restricts Mr. Greenwood to 17 pages. He then permits Sir Edward to occupy 16 pages and Canon Beeching 10 pages, and then, in violation of that love of fair play upon which Englishmen pride them-

selves, he shields the orthodox contributors by refusing to insert an article which Mr. Greenwood had prepared in reply to his critics.

There the matter remains for the present, but Mr. Greenwood will shortly publish in book form his article amplified.

The issue of this number of *BACONIANA* has been held back in the hope that an important announcement might be first made public in its pages. The matter has not, however, yet matured. The contents and index of Volume VII. will be published as a supplement to the January number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

THE work inquired for by S. T. W. in your July number is, I think, "*Pacata Hibernia. Ireland Appeased and Reduced . . .*" By Thomas Stafford, London, folio, 1633. There are two copies of it in the British Museum, numbered, respectively, G 5853 and 186 d 8.

FRA. J. BURGOYNE.

Tate Library, Brixton, S.W.